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THE PROSSER GUIDE-WHEEL SYSTEM.

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[VOL. XLIV.]

THE PROSSER GUIDE WHEEL SYSTEM OF WOODEN RAILWAYS.

Some time since, in treating of the all-important subject of the *physical* reclamation of Ireland, we made some incidental observations on Mr. Prosser's ingenious invention, the simplicity of which we commended no less than its perfect efficiency. We now present our readers with a sketch of a train of Prosser wheel carriages descending a gradient, which will help to eke out our necessarily imperfect descriptions.

Our former paper on this subject attracted much attention in the sister country, where it was extracted and commented upon at some length by several metropolitan and provincial journals; and the national value of the principle will excuse our thus shortly recurring to the subject. It is unnecessary for us, however, to repeat in detail our former descriptions; we shall content ourselves, therefore, by extracting here some remarks having specific reference to the introduction of the system into Ireland from a paper by Mr. W. Bridges in the last number of the *Polytechnic Review*:—

The superiority of longitudinal sleepers over stone blocks and chairs, is demonstrated by the successful experiment of the Great Western Railway; and the *rationale* of such a mode, and its peculiar adaptation to the circumstances of Ireland, in spite of the abundant stone of that country, are well exhibited by Mr. Vignoles, in the Appendix to the Irish Railway Report (Appendix A, No. 1). The rigidity and the vis inertiae of stone supports, indeed, may be held to be one among the many causes in operation which induce such a fearfully rapid wear and tear upon some of the existing railways.

The comparative saving in the mere superstructure of wooden and iron railways may be thus tabularly exhibited:—

WOODEN RAIL.	£	s.	d.
5280 cubic feet, 2s. per foot . . .	528	0	0
Paynizing	62	8	0
Wedges, labour, and carriage . . .	300	0	0
Contingencies	240	0	0
3520 sleepers, at 3s. 6d.	616	0	0

1746 8 0

Balance in favour of Wood in
superstructure alone

1806 12 0

3556 0 0

IRON RAIL.

With rails 60 lbs. to the yard, it will cost for rails, chairs, bolts, &c.	2400	0	0
Labour and carriage	300	0	0
Contingencies	240	0	0
3520 sleepers, at 3s. 6d.	616	0	0

3556 0 0

Besides this, there will be at least one-fourth less cutting, and a continuous saving in wear and tear of machinery, carriages, &c., which may be two-thirds less in weight, with equal tractive power. But the immense saving in this construction, in superstructure, earthworks, embankments, masonry, and purchase of land, is even of less importance than the immense moral and social advantages which the system involves, of connecting towns and villages in all directions, which the present mode altogether excludes from the benefits of more rapid intercommunication. On the present system, a saving in the expense of embankments, necessarily involves an additional cost of working. A better illustration of this cannot be found than in a comparison of the two surveys of Sir John Macneill, in his valuable report on the North Irish line (Report, Appendix, No. 4). There are scarcely any gradients or curves in the Irish Railway Report which need be avoided by the guide-wheel system of wooden railways. By such a system, a line from Shrewsbury through Wales, to Port Dynllaen, even more direct than that suggested by the Commissioners, might in the first place, be thus constructed for less than one million sterling, bringing Dublin within twelve hours of London; and thereafter the Irish metropolis might be brought into rapid communication with every town in Ireland at an average cost of 4,000l. or 5,000l. per mile.

To sum up the benefits to be anticipated from the adoption of the new system.

First, as regards the details of expenditure:—

Tunnels, deep cuttings, embankments, and bridges will, in most cases, be entirely obviated, seeing that gradients of 1 in 20, and curves of 500 feet radius may be readily surmounted at a speed of 25 or 30 miles per hour; the purchase of land is reduced in amount; the material is greatly cheaper than iron: engines and carriages may be reduced to one-third of the usual weight, with greater tractive power; the annual wear and tear is also reduced; and as the rails are laid down on the existing face of the country, no disfigurement of the ground is necessary upon private estates, which are ordinarily deteriorated to an extent for which no amount of compensation can be an adequate equivalent; and, at the same time, as a necessary consequence, the crossings from part of an estate to another, may be maintained in every direction. It is to be noted particularly that the system involves no central rail, or indeed any complexity to preclude its adoption on existing iron railways.

Second, as regards the public interest:—

Safety is insured by use of the guide-

wheels, which, being adapted to the upper and inner edge of the rail, and attached at an angle of forty-five degrees, preclude the possibility of an overturn, while, by their peculiar construction, scarcely coming into play except when a great centrifugal influence arises, there is no calculable amount of abrasive action on the tram.

Cheapness of transit to all classes, is, of course, induced by the reduction of primary expenditure; and ease and comfort are in an eminent degree secured by the avoidance of those causes of oscillation which are involved in the use of the conical tire on the iron system.

An experiment to test the adaptation of the guide-wheels to iron railways has just been made upon the Hayle Line, and has completely succeeded. The groove of the guide-wheels, was reduced so as to pass over the chairs in which the iron rails are fixed. A loaded train fitted with guide-wheels, and divested of the flanges on the bearing wheels, was propelled with a fourth less power than one equally laden, but with the common flange wheels; proving that an engine can take a train of carriages, fitted with the Prosser wheels, one-fourth heavier than with the flange wheels now in use. Moreover, the oscillation, when going at full speed, was found to be almost insensible. This will produce a corresponding saving in wear and tear of carriages and engines, as well as add greatly to the duration of the rails; and the adoption of the guide-wheels to existing or projected railways, is worth the attention of those engineers who are unwilling to adopt the wooden rail till it has been fully tested by practice on the lines that have determined to make use of it.

A working model of a wooden railway has been in operation at the Falmouth Polytechnic Exhibition, and is now in the Adelaide Gallery; and the application of the guide-wheels to the iron rail is illustrated by a small model at the Patentee's office, 36, New Broad-street, London.

A NIGHT IN THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

BY JOHN BYRNE.

On the 3rd of March, 1843, I happened to be present at what seldom occurs in the United States' Hall of Representatives—"a night of session."

Soon after six o'clock the members commenced returning, the chairman took the chair, and called the committee to order by an extra flourish of his mace. The two dozen members present accordingly came to order. The bill under consideration in committee of the whole, was the bill to divide the Union into two military districts.

A motion was made that the committee do rise, owing to the want of a quorum.

The chair said, "All ye in favour of rising will rise, and stand to be counted." And twelve members rose, but the chair appeared to have hard work to count them, because they kept moving about like quicksilver. At length, the chair held a caucus in his own mind, and decided that there was no quorum present.

Mr. Adams moved that the committee rise, and report that fact to the house. Several members became rather noisy, and wanted to talk about it.

Mr. Wise: "Is this a debateable question?" Mr. Somebody: "Order—sit down—I insist." After further talk, the committee rose, and the chairman reported the absence of a quorum.

A call of the house was then moved. On that motion the yeas and nays were ordered. (While the vote was being taken, some ladies in the gallery amused themselves by dropping pins on my head.)

The call was not ordered, yeas forty-five, nays seventy-nine. The Military District Bill was then reported to the house.

Mr. Weller asked leave to offer a resolution to admit the ladies on the floor of the hall for this evening (great uproar, and looks to the gallery). The resolution was not at first entertained, for the reason, as I was informed, that the wives of several members were in the gallery, and their spouses wished them for once to keep at a respectful distance.

Several senate bills of a private character were taken up, and passed. About a score of members then rose at once, and shouted, "Mr. Speaker." The first shout having no effect, they gave a second, but with no better luck. The Speaker wanted to please everybody, but he could not have twenty speaking at once. So he thundered with his hammer till order was restored.

A message was received from the senate, stating that they insisted on their amendment to the Treasury Note Bill. The amendment proposed to fund the notes. A committee of conference was appointed to settle the difficulty.

The messenger having withdrawn, a general struggle to get the floor again ensued. The noise was like the beating of a hundred kettle drums, the sound being mellowed by the croaking of a hundred bull frogs. The resolution of Mr. Weller to admit ladies on the floor was finally adopted by a unanimous vote, and the semi-circular floor was for once covered with members. ~~that recognized no pay~~ A motion being made to pass a private bill, one member called out: "aye," but a quorum to the vote, ~~the bill~~ ~~was not~~ ~~passed~~ ~~it~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~as though~~ ~~it~~ ~~were~~ ~~replying~~ ~~to an~~ ~~offer~~ ~~of~~ ~~marriage~~ ~~from~~ ~~her~~ ~~for~~ ~~you~~ ~~must~~

know the ladies have great privileges when admitted to the floor. After the disposal of various matters, and the letting off much noise from the refractory in the shape of coughing, sneezing, and laughing, Mr. Weller offered a resolution, declaring the thanks of the house due to the Hon. J. White, Speaker, for the able, impartial, and dignified manner in which he had presided. Mr. Brown opposed the resolution, for various reasons; Messrs. Pickens, Wise, Cooper, Cushing, and others, gave their opinions.

Mr. Cooper used very harsh language towards Mr. Brown, and the latter rejoined with becoming spirit. During the affair the greatest disorder prevailed—about a hundred members standing; and so great was the anger of certain gentlemen, that if they could at the moment have got at certain other gentlemen, blows must have been the consequence. At last the previous question on the resolution of thanks to the Speaker, was ordered.

Mr. Wise asked to be excused from voting. He said he had no personal feeling against the Speaker. He also denounced as falsehood the whispers which had gone abroad to the effect that his (Mr. W.'s) opposition to certain measures, arose from his failing to be appointed Speaker himself. This matter having been disposed of, a general storm arose as to what business should come on next. A dozen members shouted with voices like the key-note of a whirlwind—"Mr. Speaker!" A score more, in a deep base, growled, "Order, sit down"—"we can't hear a word"—while others laughed, sung scraps of songs, and looked in the eyes of the ladies, as much as to say, "Now ain't we capital fellows!"

A message was received from the President, by his private secretary, informing the house that he had signed certain bills. Cries of, "Is the Bankrupt Bill among them?" "He'll pocket it, mind if he don't." Here the whole house appeared to have taken cold in its collective capacity, for such coughing, sneezing, and other noises, were never before heard. The Speaker, *pro tem.*, pounded with his hammer like a blacksmith, but members bid it defiance.

Mr. Fillmore—"Really, sir, we can't—"
Mr. Wise—"I call for order."

Speaker—"Order, order, order," with hammer accompaniment. He was answered by a general shout of "Mr. Speaker!" each member wanting to get the floor for some purpose or other. The Speaker begged gentlemen to be seated, but they could not do it, the ladies having the seats, and who ever heard of turning out a lady? Well, they kept standing, and the Speaker kept on hammering. At last there came a temporary calm; and some bill about live oak timber was finally forwarded. It was

now about ten o'clock, and still the galleries were crowded to excess, and the floor was so populated that there was hardly room to stir. The conversation among this mass of persons was such as to require a member to speak in a very loud voice to be heard at all. There was a constant rumbling, roaring noise, like the far off thundering of Niagara. But how could silence be expected when so many of the fair sex were present? The amendments of the senate to the bill sending a minister to China were taken up, and concurred in by a large vote. A member insisted that the motion had been carried by persons not members of the house. In fact this was the case, for a great many individuals, not members, are inside the bar. This was no fault of the Speaker's, for the members themselves invited them in. But the Speaker, by candle-light, could not distinguish who were members and who were not. However, the bill was finally passed. While the vote was taking, members appeared to be exercising their powers of ventriloquism, for the strange manner in which some of them said "aye" or "no," would have frightened a whole menagerie. One member groaned "no" in such a terrific strain that it sounded like the bellowing of a wounded buffalo. It was altogether a rich scene for all who were not interested in the passage of bills. The laughter seemed electric; and, ever and anon, some member in sleepy hollow would give the signal by a most outrageous sneeze, which sounded like the report of a Pairhann gun. A rather strange commotion then took place among some of the ladies on the floor. I was informed that an ambitious bustle, hearing the noise, and longing to see what was going on, had the impudence to emerge from its hiding-place, and "take the floor." Well, if ladies will turn politicians, they must take their chance.

Some member near the door now rose, and shouted, "I move to go into committee on the Pension Agent Bill" (cries of "Oh dear," "order").

Mr. Mallory—"I move to take up the Dragoon Bill."

Mr. Smith—"I merely rise to—"

Mr. Wise—"I do hope that—"

Twenty others kept shouting at the top of their voices, "Order, order, order!"

Mr. Gwin wanted to go into committee on General Jackson's fine (renewed uproar and laughter).

The chair thundered with his hammer in a terrible manner.

Mr. Wise suggested that the noise of the hammer was more disagreeable than any other noise (great laughter, especially among the ladies, who by this time had become quite at home, and

"Eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again.")

This attack of Mr. Wise on the Speaker's hammer had no effect, for it kept hammering away as if it had a certain number of strikes to give before the adjournment. The fact was, the chair, a Mr. Briggs, who was the most remarkable man in the house, had a cold, and could not be heard except through the hammer.

Mr. Smith—"Mr. Speaker, call gentlemen by their names, if they won't come to order."

Mr. Beeson wanted to offer a resolution about a yard long, calling for information on some subject, at the next session of Congress. But the house would not hear anything about it.

It was now twelve o'clock, and several members, who wanted to go to bed, moved to adjourn.

Mr. Medell—"Mr. Speaker, I move to adjourn. It is no use waiting here."

Mr. Weller desired to know if the "morning hour" had not arrived (shouts of laughter).

Mr. Mallory desired to know if the time had not now arrived for all business to cease."

Some member in the rear rank, who could not be seen, wanted to move the printing of a certain document. He was called to order by fifty at once—one shouting that Congress was dissolved, while another said the assemblage was now nothing but the sovereign people.

Mr. Weller—"Sir, will it be in order to move a call of the house?" (roars of laughter)

Mr. Snyder—"I call for the orders of the night" (cries of "go ahead! that's it").

A member from Indiana began to repeat a piece from Shakespeare, commencing "Most grave and noble signors," but somebody took the words from his mouth, and finally the whole matter ended in a general sneezing, the Speaker's hammer joining in the chorus.

Some member, whose spirits were exhilarated from drinking cold water and other things, called out,

"The dread hour of midnight has arrived,
And all creation slumbers—"

He was proceeding, when

Mr. Underwood rose, and declared that the legislative functions of the house had ceased. He, therefore, hoped an adjournment would prevail.

Mr. Snyder called for Arnold's bill, 548.

Several other members shouted for Arnold, and asked what he was doing that he did not bring up the bill.

Mr. Smith—"I don't want to stay here all night. We ought not to stay here. Why not send a message to the Senate to say we are ready to adjourn?"

Mr. Underwood—"It is past twelve, and no legislative business can be done."

Mr. Wise contended that the regular constitutional day did not expire till Saturday at noon. That was the astronomical and scriptural day, from meridian to meridian. He quoted the first chapter of Genesis: "And the evening and the morning were the first day." A committee was sent to the Senate to say the house was ready to adjourn.

While the committee was gone, Mr. Snyder called upon the clerk for a story (outrageous laughter). A tall lady here walked into the aisle, whereon there arose a cry of "A member up." Finally, the committee returned from the Senate, stating that it was in executive session.

A committee was then appointed to wait on the President, to say the house was ready to adjourn. The answer returned was, that the President wished members a safe journey home to the enjoyment of their families. So here ended the twenty-seventh Congress, after sitting four hundred and fifty days, passing more than four hundred bills, and making more than two thousand reports. It had more bills voted, lost more members by resignation, and also more by death, than any previous Congress. Thirteen members died, seven lost their wives by death, nine were married, twelve lost their children, seven senators and twelve representatives resigned, one had his leg broken, and one had his ear bit off in a street fight.

THE MODEL FARM.

AN ECULOGUE,

By EUGÈNE SUÉ.

Rifacimento from "The Mysteries of Paris."

The clock strikes five upon the village church—
The air is sharp, the evening sky serene—
The sun, slow sinking now behind the tall
And leafless trees which crown the skirting heights,
Sheds o'er the circling sky a purple tint,
And on the vast champaign, hardened by frost,
His pale rays fall oblique.

In summer time,
Hidden, as 'neath the foliage lurks the nest,
The farm gleams now without that verdant veil,
And, like a silver ribbon there unroll'd,
The tiny winding river's frozen line
Shines on the bosom of the evergreen meads,
Whence the clean cows are guided grazing home.
Recall'd by threatening night, successive flights
Of pigeons settle on the pointed roof.
And the lank walnut trees not sheltering now
The court and the farm-buildings, but despoil'd
Of their rich leaves, display the tile and thatch,
Cover'd with velvet moss of emerald green.
Three horses—stout, thick-set, with heavy manes
And shining coats, blue collars trimm'd with bells,
And woollen tufts of red—bring from the mill
A massive cart heap'd high with golden grain.
Through the large gate they come, while, by the
side,

A flock of bounding sheep come straggling in.
Both man and beast, impatient, shun the cold,
And eager press to taste the well-earned rest.
Joyous the horses neigh—the stable neared,
The bleating sheep besiege the warm sheepfold.
The workmen through the kitchen window spy
The evening feast, and haste their closing toil.

All o'er the farm a wondrous order reigns,
 The harrows, rollers, ploughs, not here exposed
 Clotted with mud, but shining neatly bright,
 Many of form inventive, strange, and new,
 Lie in the shed arranged, where to and fro,
 The careful waggoners set their harness trim.
 The lower court, by a green trellis hemm'd,
 Receives the feathery tribe, which every night,
 By a small wicket, enter from the field.
 A model this to all the farms around,
 Not more from order, neatness, and from crops,
 Abundant, guerdon of wise husbandry,
 But because all are happy—virtue, here,
 And happiness are one, for properly
 Owes here the right divine to act aright.
 But sudden see amid the roosts and coops,
 And silvery channel cas'd with pebbly stones,
 From whose pure limpid ever gushing fount
 A careful hand had mov'd the gathering ice,
 A threatening revolution bursts around.
 The cackling hens leave quick the cherished roost—
 The turkeys gobble—scream the guinea fowls—
 The fluttering pigeons leave the pointed roof,
 And, noisy cooling, cluster on the sand.
 'Tis Fleur de Marie makes this gay commotion.
 Not Watteau, in his fruitfulest of moods,
 A more enchanting model had conceived,
 If but the cheeks of the poor Goulaeuse
 Had owned a little more of rosy plumpness,
 Her fair fine forehead with its faxen bands
 Glowed 'neath the small round hat, and, peasant-
 like,

Under this hat, smoothly arrayed, and set
 Behind the head with two large pins—she wore
 An Indian handkerchief of glowing red,
 Whose square ends graceful deck'd her marble
 shoulders;

A picturesque and pleasant headgear this,
 Of more than Tyrolean or Alpine tastefulness.
 A kerchief of white lawn across her bosom;
 An apron of brown linen half concealed
 A dress of blue cloth, whose tight sleeves set off
 Her moulded form; transparent showed beneath
 Her fustian petticoat with sober stripes.
 White stockings, white indeed, and buskins black,
 Hid in the little wooden black sabots,
 With lambskin trimmed upon the instep high,
 Made up this simple rustical costume,
 Borrowing new ornament from inborn grace.
 Her apron holding by the corners twain,
 The sparkling grain by handfuls thence she pour'd
 To the wing'd crowd, which eager gasp'd around.
 One pretty pigeon, of a silvery white,
 With glittering beak and feet of purple hue,
 More bold or more familiar than the rest,
 Round Fleur de Marie fluttering for a while,
 Rested at length upon her shoulder. She,
 Accustomed doubtless to such gallant tricks,
 With liberal hand still cast the pearly grain,
 Upturning half her angel face, she raised
 Her smiling profile, and her rosy lips
 Extended to her favourite's coral beak.
 And the last rays of the declining sun
 On this bright picture shed a golden gleam.

BYTH.

THE ART OF DESTRUCTION.

The philanthropist may lament that the noblest efforts of science should be turned to human destruction. We must, however, take the world as we find it, and since we are certain that whether or not we possess ourselves of more formidable means of mischief than have hitherto been at our command, others will not fail to use them against us, we cannot venture to reject such when offered. Such being the case, it is surprising that some arrangement has not been made with Capt. Warner after the singular exploit lately performed by him.

He has not been most cordially greeted by those to whom his discovery would seem to be most important, and indeed he complains of having been very indifferently treated. A letter recently published contains such amusing statements, and, moreover, such an extraordinary challenge, that it is really worth preserving as a curiosity. Describing the course pursued towards him, he says:—

“After I had disclosed part of my plans of operating against an enemy's fleet in roadsteads and harbours, Sir Howard Douglas intimated to a noble lord that I had now shown him enough to enable himself to blockade an enemy's fleet, and render a channel impassable! When Sir Howard Douglas was reminded that he yet lacked a knowledge of the secret agent I employed, he replied that that was true, but he possessed agents of sufficient power to answer the purpose. But, at our next meeting, subsequent to this conversation, Sir Howard, in a very peremptory manner, told me I must disclose my secret agent, and explain its nature, properties, and composition, as well as exhibit and explain any mode of operation. This I at once declined, when Sir Howard said without such disclosure he could not recommend my inventions to her Majesty's government. I replied by asking how, in such case, I could secure remuneration without some guarantee? to which question Sir Howard, in a moment of hasty, and I suspect, unintentional candour, said—‘To be sure not, for when all your secrets are disclosed, what is to prevent myself and my brother commissioner from demanding the same sum from government for their preservation as you yourself demand’—a speech which, coming from an officer reaping the emoluments enjoyed by Sir Howard Douglas, struck me, I confess, with amazement. Sir Howard Douglas has represented that there was a concurrence of opinion with respect to my inventions between himself and Sir Edward Owen. I will take the present opportunity of declaring that this is a misapprehension on Sir Howard's part. For when Sir Howard made light of some naval operations, which as a soldier officer he probably did not understand, Sir Edward Owen came forward in my defence, and expressed his belief that I could carry my plans into effect; and when to save time I offered to go down to a secluded part of the coast, and enter into some operations before Sir E. Owen, during Sir H. Douglas's canvass at Liverpool, Sir Howard would not permit a single explanation to be entered into during his absence, though Admiral Owen reminded him with a smile, that he felt himself competent to form a judgment of my naval movements without the gallant General's assistance

I regret to this hour Sir Edward Owen's departure for the Mediterranean, for I believe that his knowledge of seamanship and candid disposition would have brought my affairs to a different termination than has befallen them. Sir Howard Douglas and Sir George Cockburn have described me as an impetuous and passionate man, and that I do not express myself in terms sufficiently respectful to them. I confess they have each of them at times provoked me, but if they had treated me in the manner I have ever been treated by Sir George Murray and Sir Edward Owen, they would never have had to complain of even a hasty expression escaping my lips. But I ask the coldest man alive whether he could have maintained unruffled composure had he experienced the treatment I have above described.

"I will omit no public opportunity of repeating that to Sir George Murray I am willing to disclose all my secrets unreservedly, but I will for no consideration communicate with those who have publicly violated confidence. This may be strong language—too strong for 'ears polite,' but it is the language of plain truth. I once more appeal publicly to the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Ingestre, and Sir George Murray, whether or not I can destroy every thing that floats by means of the shells which Sir George Cockburn spoke of as worthless, because, forsooth, certain miserable implements had been ineffectually used against him off the coast of North America. The above-named gallant and noble officers know the nature of those shells, and the facility with which I can use them, and I appeal to them to say whether any vessel, from a line-of-battle ship to a fishing coble, can escape or resist them. The impression which Sir George Cockburn's speech in the House left upon the minds of his hearers was, that he classed my shells with the things he alluded to; but I beg to remind the gallant admiral of his own conversations with Lords Hardwicke and Ingestre, and myself, in which he observed how differently he and his ship would have fared had he encountered my shells; and I here publicly ask Sir George Cockburn whether he dare meet my shells with any fleet however powerful, to say nothing whatever of the long range? In the House of Commons much wit and merriment have been wasted upon my asking 300,000*l.* for my long range. I again remind Sir G. Cockburn of his admission that 400,000*l.* was not too much if I could accomplish what I profess. 'Seeing is said to be believing,' if the Government will accept my challenge, Sir G. Cockburn may see, and he dare not then deny a belief which I more than suspect he already has hidden in his heart."

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "*Student's French Grammar*," translator of *Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite,"* &c.

PART II.—CHATEAU DE CARDVILLE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE SHIPWRECKS.

Whilst the worthy steward fled to the succour of those who had escaped shipwreck, M. Rodin, indifferent to all that was passing around him, went to the green room, where he remained upwards of two hours. He then returned to the steward's room, which was situated at the end of a long gallery, carrying under his arm a small silver-mounted casket, while his half-buttoned coat exposed to view part of a large morocco portfolio. On finding no one in the room he placed the casket on the table, and said, with apparent satisfaction.

"All is well. It was highly prudent to allow the papers to remain here till the present time, for caution is required, in order to deal with the impious Adrienne Cardville, who seems to guess that which she could never possibly have known. Fortunately the time is near at hand when we shall have no reason to fear her. It is requisite that her fate should be a cruel one; for such proud and independent spirits are born our foes. As for Madame Sainte-Colombe, the steward, notwithstanding his conscience, as the old imbecile calls it, is sure to serve us in regard to her; the fear of being left at his age without the means of sustenance, will make him a ready and a useful servant. When that lady is in the hands of Roiville there will then be no danger, I'll answer for it. How easy it is to chalk out the line that these stupid and infatuated women generally pursue. In their youth they serve the devil; when more advanced in years, they cause others to serve him; and when they reach old age, fear on account of past deeds overcomes them, and as a palliation they leave all they have for the good of the church. The chateau de Cardville, from its solitary situation, will make an excellent college. As for the affairs of the medals, the 13th of February will soon be at hand. We have no news from M. Josué, therefore Prince Djalma must still be a prisoner in Asia; the daughters of General Simon will be detained for a month longer at Leipsic; as for our home affairs—"

M. Rodin was interrupted by the entrance of Madame Dupont, who, zealously prepared every mode of assistance for those who might have escaped shipwreck.

"Kindle a fire in the next room, and

warm some wine. M. Dupont may be here soon."

"Well, my dear Madam, have some of these unfortunate people been saved?"

"I do not know, sir. It is two hours since my husband left. I am uneasy on his account, for he is so courageous that in saving life he forgets the danger that threatens his own."

"Rashness is imprudent. I do not like that," Rodin said; then he added, "I regret that my age and frailty prevented me from accompanying your husband, and I am also sorry that I cannot remain to see the result of his efforts, as I am obliged to leave. I have spoken to your husband relative to his retaining his situation. He will acquaint you with the whole."

"O, sir, you are very kind."

"Madame, Madame, here is master," cried the servant, rushing into the room, and a few moments afterwards M. Dupont appeared, dripping wet.

"O, my love. I was so uneasy about you," said the good woman, embracing him affectionately, "Have you saved any one?"

"There are three saved to my knowledge, and I think there were some more saved at the Goelan inlet."

"Where have you left them?" demanded Rodin.

"They are, aided by our men, ascending the cliff. As they could not walk quick, I ran on to have everything prepared for them. My dear Catherine, as there are two young girls, get some clothes ready. The young man who accompanies them is the person who saved their lives. He is indeed a hero. As we descended a cliff, what should we see but two young girls, in a swoon, their backs against the rock, and their feet in the water, as if they had been put there on being taken out of the surge. Their extreme likeness to each other astonished me. One of them clasped a bronze medal in her hand."

At these words M. Rodin started backwards, and a slight colour flushed his livid cheeks. He approached M. Dupont, and asked, with assumed indifference—

"Strange! Did you observe any inscription on the medal?"

"No, I did not. The girls are in deep mourning; perhaps they are orphans. Whilst we were removing them to a dry part of the beach we saw a man clinging to a rock. We immediately hastened to his assistance, and found him totally exhausted. It was the brave young fellow that had rescued the girls, and who had been trying to save a third; but his strength had failed him, and had it not been for our men, he would certainly have been washed off the rock on which he had crept."

M. Rodin, allowing his head to drop upon his breast, seemed lost in conjectures.

"After what I have told you of their deliverer," said the steward to his wife, "no doubt you expect to see a Hercules. On the contrary, he is but a child in appearance, with a sweet countenance, and long fair hair. I left him my cloak, as he had nothing on him but a pair of knee breeches and black stockings. It is strange. When the poor girls recovered their senses, they fell upon their knees before the young man, and thanked him as if they had been praying to God; then they looked round as if looking for some one, exchanged a few words, and burst into tears. I could not prevent a tear starting to my eye. Listen. I think I hear footsteps."

The steward, followed by his wife, hastened to the door, while Rodin remained convulsively biting his nails. A mournful spectacle here presented itself. Rose and Blanche were on each side of their deliverer, who, scarce able to walk, was leaning on their arms. It would be difficult to give an idea of the adorable sweetness of his pale face, as pure as that of the most lovely ideal production of Raphael—for that divine artist alone could have poured the touching melancholy of his enchanting countenance, and the serenity of his celestial looks—looks, limpid and pure as those of a martyr. But he was a martyr. Above his eyebrows was a large scar; his hands and feet were pierced, as if he had been crucified.

This young man was Gabriel, the adopted son of Dagobert's wife, who was a priest and a martyr, for in our days, as in the times of the Caesars, when Christians were delivered up to the lion and the tiger, there are martyrs. Yes, in our days the children of the poor, for heroic and disinterested love springs almost alone from them; the children of the poor, driven by circumstances into certain vocations, go into all parts of the world to propagate the gospel, braving, with heroic valour, both torture and death. How many of these have become the victims of savages? how many have gone out to the wilds of the two hemispheres, and never returned? Alas! they rarely return; and if they do, no ecclesiastical dignities are conferred upon them—no purple robes, nor splendid mitres, conceal the scars and mutilated limbs of those intrepid soldiers of the cross—whose whole wealth was and is—their hope in Jesus. They, like the soldiers who fight for their country's cause, die and are forgotten.

The sight of Gabriel excited still more the surprise of Rodin, who had stepped aside, that he might see all that was passing.

The steward and his wife, moved with pity at the appearance of the orphans, approached them. At this moment the ploughboy rushed into the room, saying,

"Master, master, good news, two more are saved."

"Where are they?" exclaimed the worthy host.

"One of them will be here immediately, for as soon as he heard that the young ladies were safe, although old and wounded in the head, he ran so fast that I could scarcely get before him. The other is on a litter; they are bringing him here."

Rose and Blanche immediately rushed to the door, and reached it at the same time as Dagobert. The old soldier, unable to speak, fell on his knees, stretching his arms towards the orphans, while Rabat-joie sprang forward, and licked their hands.

When Rodin saw the old soldier, his whole frame became agitated, for he imagined that the orphans' guide had perished.

Another person entered, a man with a yellow complexion, who seeing Gabriel, went up to him, and said in French, "Prince Djalma will be here immediately. His first words were about your safety."

"What does that man say?" said Rodin, springing forward.

"Monsieur Rodin," cried the missionary, who had not observed the secretary.

"Monsieur Rodin," repeated the dark-skinned man, fixing his eyes upon the correspondent of Josué.

"What did that man say to you?" demanded Rodin. "Did he not pronounce the name of Prince Djalma?"

"Yes, sir. He was one of the passengers of the Black Eagle. We were going to Portsmouth, whence I purposed coming to Paris."

"Do you know who this Prince Djalma is?"

"A young man as good as he is brave; the son of an Indian king. I should like to go to him. Have you," he added, with submission, "any orders for me?"

"Notwithstanding your fatigue, can you set out with me in two or three hours?"

"If it be requisite—yes."

"Then we shall leave together."

Gabriel bowed to Rodin, who sank, from emotion, exhausted into a chair.

The man of yellow complexion, who was Faranghea, the chief of the Stranglers, was in a corner of the room, unobserved by Rodin. After making his escape from the soldiers at the ruins of Tchandi, he waylaid Mahal, the smuggler; killed him, took M. Josué's despatches, and the letter which secured him a passage in the Ruyter. Djalma, when meeting with Faranghea (which will be explained hereafter), not being aware that he was a Phansegar, treated him as a countryman.

Rodin, with fixed eyes and countenance as pale as death, was furiously biting his lips, when the strangler approached him,

and, placing his hand familiarly on his shoulder, said, "Your name is Rodin?"

"What do you want?" cried the other, starting.

"Is not your name Rodin?"

"Yes, what do you want with me?"

"You live in the Rue du Milieu des Ursins."

"Yes; but, once more, what do you want?"

"At present—*nothing*; by and bye—*much*;" then he moved slowly away, leaving Rodin horror-struck with the wild gaze of the Strangler.

CHAPTER X.—DEPARTURE FOR PARIS.

The storm had subsided, and silence reigned in the château de Cardoville. Dagobert and the orphans were accommodated with comfortable rooms on the first floor, while Djalma, who was severely injured from his attempts to save a child entrusted to his care, occupied a lower room, attended by Faranghea, and Gabriel the one adjoining that of the orphans. As the latter had promised to set off in two or three hours, he did not go to bed, but having dried his clothes, he threw himself into an arm-chair placed before the fire, and fell soundly asleep.

Rabat-joie, confident of the respectability of the château, left the door of the orphans, entered the apartment of the sleeping missionary, approached the hearth, extended itself at full length on the rug, placed his nose between his forepaws, and felt quite at home. Was poor old Jovial forgotten by his surly companion. We should think not from Rabat-joie's propensity to snap at all the grey horses and even grey dogs that crossed his path. Such, probably, resulted from the fond recollection of his old unfortunate companion.

A door opened, and the two sisters, who, anxious about Dagobert, had dressed themselves, and, leaving their chamber to get information about him, entered that of Gabriel. Seeing Rabat-joie stretched before the fire, and thinking that Dagobert was asleep, they stealthily advanced towards the arm chair, and to their astonishment beheld Gabriel fast asleep. From surprise and confusion they stood motionless, fixing their eyes upon his pale and beautiful countenance, which at this moment had a melancholy expression, resulting probably from the effects of an unpleasant dream. The young girls blushed, while their hearts throbbed heavily.

"He sleeps, sister" said Rose, "see what a heavenly countenance; does it not resemble the one we saw in our dreams. You remember he promised to protect us."

"He has kept his word this time. He had not that melancholy look before, nor

had he that red scar round his forehead. Is it not strange that he did not speak about our mother when coming here. I suppose he did not like because we were not alone.

"Let us ask him now, sister."

The orphans knelt before Gabriel, and raising their sweet faces, said, in the fullness of innocent hearts: "Gabriel, do tell us something about our dear mother."

At the sound of the voices, Gabriel started, and recognizing the orphans, he said, "Rose, my sisters, we should only kneel before our God." The young girls rose, and Gabriel added with a smile, "How do you come to know my name?"

"It was you who told us, when you came from our mother; when you promised to protect us."

"I, my sisters! You are mistaken. I never saw you till to-day."

"Yes; but you saw us in our dreams. The first time, you know, was in Germany."

Gabriel could scarcely prevent himself from smiling at their simplicity. "Who do you take me for, my sisters?"

"For the angel that our mother sent to protect us."

"I am but a poor, humble priest. Perhaps, I may resemble the angel that you saw in your dreams, for angels are not visible to beings such as we are."

"Not visible!" repeated the orphans in sadness.

Gabriel took them by the hands, saying, "Do not be sorry, my sisters; dreams, like all that is good, spring from God."

At this moment the old soldier entered, who started back on seeing a stranger holding Rose and Blanche by the hands, for he knew not that it was the man who had saved the orphans from a watery grave. Rose and Blanche no sooner saw their guardian than they ran to him, and taking his hand, asked him if his head was painful.

"No, my children. It is but a white wound; but the village doctor has tied it up as tightly as if it bore the gashes of half-a-dozen sabres. But who is that man who was holding you by the hands?"

"That is our guardian angel, Dagobert. It was he who saved us."

"He! was it he who—" The old soldier could say no more. He ran up to the young priest, and looking at him in touching gratitude, said,

"O, sir, and is it to you that I owe the lives of these two children, I acknowledge my debt of gratitude; I—no, I can say no more." Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he added—"When endeavouring to climb a rock, was it not you who—yes, yes, it was you; I know you now!"

"Unfortunately," said Gabriel, "my

strength failed; and with sorrow I saw the sea close over you."

"What!" cried Blanche, with joy, "and did our Gabriel try to save you, too?"

"Gabriel!" said Dagobert, "Is your name Gabriel, sir, and you are a priest. Who brought you up?"

"A good and generous woman, whom I esteem as the best of mothers; notwithstanding I was a foundling, she had pity on me, and reared me as her son."

"Frances Baudoin," said Dagobert in joy, "a soldier's wife, and mother to a young man called Agricola. O my wife, my son."

"Then you are Agricola's father. O God! how can I express my gratitude for thy bounty," said the young priest.

"Are they well. When did you hear from them?"

"I left them about three months ago. They were then enjoying good health."

"Gabriel, I am waiting for you," was uttered in a stern voice, that startled the young priest. All looked round, and beheld Rodin at the door.

"What man is that?" said Dagobert, nettled at the interruption, and not at all prepossessed with Rodin's appearance: "What the mischief is he wanting?"

"I must leave you," said Gabriel, in a tone of regret; "this is my superior, and I must obey him."

"You must not go. I have a great many questions to ask you. Shall I ask him to allow you to remain."

"No; it will be useless. I must obey. It is a duty towards my superiors. I shall meet you all at Paris."

"Well, as a soldier I know what discipline is. Your discipline, however, seems severe enough. Never mind, my boy. We shall meet at the Rue Brise-Miche."

"It is severe," Gabriel said. "Farewell. Farewell, my sisters."

Two hours afterwards Dagobert and the orphans were pursuing their way to Paris. Prince Djalma, too ill to travel, remained at Cardoville with Faranghea, who urged that he would not leave his countryman.

We shall now conduct our readers to the Rue Brise-Miche, where Dagobert's wife dwelt.

CHAPTER XI.—DAGOBERT'S WIFE.

Perhaps there is not a duller, darker street in all Paris than the Rue Brise-Miche, which, even in the longest days in summer, is scarcely ever enlivened by the sun's rays; and which in winter is noted for its uncleanness, and foggy and pestilential atmosphere.

It was about eight in the evening. Two men were seen deeply engaged in conversation.

"You understand me," said one of them. "When you see them enter, go to Frances Baudoin's, and as a pretence, inquire for the little humpbacked woman, and from her try to get the address of her sister, who is called the Bacchanalian Queen. I will wait for you at the cabaret, opposite the cloisters, and when you return, we shall have a glass of hot wine together."

"That will be very acceptable, for I am very cold."

"Do not speak of cold. Was I not as stiff as a mummy at the church. Even the holy water was frozen. Ah, my dear fellow, mine is no sinecure birth."

"It has its perquisites, however."

"Ah, that's true. Well, success to you. Do not forget what I have said."

One of the men left, while the other began to pace to and fro before No. 5, which is a high miserable-looking building in exterior and interior, with water trickling down the damp walls, finding its way down the dark staircase. This quarter is one of the most populated in Paris; the houses, unwholesome, cold, and comfortless, are mostly inhabited by the labouring classes.

In one of the rooms of this miserable building dwelt Frances Baudoin, who, seated near her fire was cooking Agricola's supper. She was about fifty years of age; wore a printed gown, with white flowers; a serge petticoat, and on her head a cap, tied under the chin. Her face was tall and thin, her features regular, and on her countenance sat an expression of resignation. It was impossible to find a better, a more worthy mother. With no other resource than her own labour, she not only brought up her son Agricola, but also the foundling Gabriel. For some time back her health had been impaired, her sight had failed her. She could only work three or four hours a day; the rest of her time she spent at church. After stirring the fire, she rose, and took from a canvas bag a small table-cloth, which she placed on the table with a fork and spoon.

Though Agricola was not much behind his usual time, the countenance of the poor mother evinced sadness and anxiety, and her red eyes showed that she had been weeping. The good woman, after fearful apprehensions, was at length convinced that her failing sight would soon prevent her from working. When young, she was an excellent sempstress, but now she was obliged to do coarse work, which was very badly paid. For each sack, about twelve feet of sewing, she received a penny, and had out of that pittance to pay for her thread. Three were all that she could do in a day, so that her day's earnings amounted to three-pence.

It is frightful to consider the number of aged women who toil day after day for this

contemptible sum, their earnings decreasing in proportion to the increasing wants of old age. Happily, however, for Frances, she had a son, an excellent workman, who supported her, so that if she could earn nothing, they could have lived comfortably. But the poor woman, though economical in all the necessities of life, was far from penurious in church matters. Scarcely a day passed but she had masses and tapers burnt for Dagobert or for her son, whom she believed was on the road to perdition. Agricola was so good, and had so generous a heart, that he humoured his mother in this respect, and never complained, though the half of his hard earned money was fooled away in pious offerings. At times, he would remark, that it grieved him to see her depriving herself of the necessities of life, and injuring her health, in order to indulge in devotional extravagances. This excellent mother would reply in tears: "My child, it is for your salvation, and for that of your father."

To argue with his mother on such a subject Agricola always refrained, though it was with pain that he saw her throwing away money, which could have secured her many a comfort.

A gentle knock was heard at the door. "Come in," said Frances, and a person entered.

(To be continued.)

MOGADOR AND ITS POPULATION.

Curiosity naturally turns at the present moment to the coast of Africa, and numerous histories and descriptions of the last scene of warfare have been published. The *Journal des Debats* seems to have collected the most authentic account. It says:

"Mogador is comparatively a new town, having been founded by the sultan Muly Mohammed in 1760, in order to have a port at the nearest possible point from Morocco, from which city it is distant about forty-eight leagues. The population of Mogador may be estimated at about 12,000, of which 1,300 are Jews, and not more than fifteen or twenty Europeans. It is the most commercial port of the empire, and returns a customs revenue of nearly 1,000,000*fr.* Saffi produces only between 50,000*fr.* and 60,000*fr.*, and the twin towns of Rabat and Salles, whose united population amounts to 52,000 souls, and are next in commercial importance to Mogador, produce no more than 380,000*fr.* The town is called Souerah by the Morocco men, it being to the island alone that they give the name of Mogador, after a saint called Sidi Mogodoul, whose tomb is to be seen on the coast opposite Souerah, and, with its chapel, is anterior to the foundation of the town. On the island alone, which is two

English miles in circumference, there was formerly a small fort, built by the Portuguese, of whom memorials are to be found all along the coast from Tangier to the country of Sous-el-Acsa, opposite the Canary Islands. The construction of the town of Mogador must have been attended with great difficulties, particularly the south-west rampart, facing the island, which is raised on several rocks, against which the sea breaks with great violence, and which are united by two curtained works. The whole of the north wall, against which the sea also beats with equal violence, could not have been erected without much labour and skill beyond the science and strength of the natives. The plan was laid down by European engineers, and among them by a Frenchman named Cornut. Masons and other artisans were brought from Europe, and some Frenchmen who had been made slaves were also employed as labourers. Cornut served the king of Morocco for ten years, but was so badly rewarded that he came back to France as poor as when he left it. Muly Mahommed transferred to Mogador the inhabitants of Agadir (Santa Cruz), and forced the richest Moors to come in from the surrounding provinces, and build houses. European merchants were encouraged to come and settle there by being offered facilities for trading, and thus the new town was not only built but peopled within the space of ten or twelve years. But in a few years more the heavy taxes and duties, and rigid prohibitions, paralysed the course of trade, and drove three-fourths of the merchants away, and the population, which had amounted to 25,000, has gradually dwindled to less than one half. The site of Mogador presents at a distance that picturesque aspect which gained it the name of Souerah, which means a picture. The minarets, which rise to a great height above the ramparts bristling with cannon, certainly present from afar an interesting and beautiful sight; but the interior of the town does not realise this promise, although its streets are regular, and it has some very fine buildings. The port is formed by the island, on the eastern side of which the trading vessels are moored, sheltered from the west and north winds, but exposed to those from the south-west, which frequently blow with great force, and cause severe losses. On the island are four batteries of masonry, and the most considerable portion of the fortifications can play upon the island and mooring-place with good effect, being at only about 1,500 yards distance. It would be impossible to occupy the port without having previously ruined all the defences which thus protect it. Mogador has never before been bombarded by a

European squadron, but has twice been besieged on the land side. During the flourishing times of the commerce of Mogador it exported to Lisbon, Cadiz, Marseilles, Gibraltar, and even to New York, large quantities of corn and wool, gum, almonds, olive-oil, figs, wax, leather, goat-skins, aniseed, orange-peel, and many medicinal drugs; and to the coast of Guinea were shipped haiks, small mantles of whole wool, and other light articles in woollen and cotton, and other manufactures of the country used by the blacks. The imports consisted of bar iron, steel, cutlery, and hardware of all kinds, cloths, cottonades, silk handkerchiefs, ornaments of gold and silver, pearl, amber, and coral necklaces, looking-glasses, sugar, and spices."

Another publication speaking of the town, states:—

"The streets are laid out in right lines, but they are narrow and unpaved. The houses, although lofty and regular, present a triste and sombre appearance. There is a handsome market-place, surrounded with piazzas, and the public buildings have a neat aspect; but the situation appears to have been ill-chosen, inasmuch as the immediate vicinity is an absolute desert. The port is formed by a curve in the land, and by an island (the one now occupied by the French) nearly two miles in circumference, and situate about a quarter of a mile from the shore; but as there are only ten or twelve feet of water at the ebb-tide, large vessels generally lie at anchor one mile and a half west of the battery, which extends along the west side of the town. The mouth of the harbour is narrow, yet a heavy sea rolls in; but behind the island the anchorage is good. The battery is much more remarkable for beauty than for strength. The roadstead is very much exposed at certain seasons, and the port, although the only one in the empire of Morocco which maintains a regular commercial intercourse with Europe, is in many respects inferior to that of El Waladia. The town, however, is invested with shifting sand-hills, which, when blown about by the winds of winter, form a terrible source of annoyance. In the neighbourhood there are cultivated parts, where barley and millet are raised; and there are also fruits and esculent vegetables produced, chiefly pomegranates, melons, figs, tomatoes, and peas. The climate of Mogador is, notwithstanding many disadvantages, on the whole, salubrious, and not inimical to European constitutions. It is exactly opposite Funchal, the chief town in the island of Madeira, and is at a very considerable distance to the south of Sallee, the next point of importance to Tangier. Between Sallee and Mogador the coast

projects considerably, and forms the capes Blanco and Cantin, which appear to be about equidistant from the two ports."

These sketches give a correct but rather too general account. We are told nothing of the interior of a Moorish dwelling. A correspondent writes that it is in appearance exactly the opposite of an English one. When you enter it, you might fancy you were to walk on a ceiling, while you would look up to a floor over your head; that is, the floor of a Moorish house is formed of white plaister, and it is boarded above. Much business is transacted in the town, but the Jews and Moors principally engaged are a singularly dirty and barbarous set. Our correspondent, when he first arrived among them, was a good deal surprised by observing several of those he had to meet, at times knocking their heads against the walls, and continuing the process for a considerable time. He, at length, made inquiries, when he found that it was no religious ceremony, as at first he had suspected, but that these gentry, being intolerably annoyed by vermin, took that method of gaining momentary relief from the incessant attacks of their faithful companions, the outside passengers of the circular vehicle, or the natural inhabitants of the globe, which surmounted their shoulders.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ELY.



Arms.—Sa, a chev., engr., erm., between three trefails slipped ar.

Crest.—A boar's head, couped and erect, ar., langued, gu.

Supporters.—Two eagles, wings expanded, ar. beaked and legged, or, each charged on the breast with a trefail, slipped, vert.

Mottos.—*Frends moi tel que je suis*, "Take me as I am." Around the crest, *Loyal a mort*, "Loyal till death."

The family of Looftus, or Loftus, represented by the noble house of Ely, is of undoubted Saxon origin, and is stated to have been of consideration so early as the time of Alfred. Before the advent of the Norman it held the lands and town of Looftus, in the county of York, by thaneage,

and after the conquest by military tenure. Edward Loftus, of Swineshead, county of York, living about the year 1480, left two sons, viz., Robert, the elder, whose second son, Adam, an eminent lawyer, was appointed lord chancellor of Ireland in 1619, and created, in 1622, viscount Loftus, of Elye, a dignity which expired with his lordship's grandson, Arthur, third viscount, who died 6th November, 1725, without surviving male issue, when his Monaster-evan estate passed to his only daughter Jane's son (by Charles, lord Moore), Henry, fourth earl of Drogheda; Adam, the younger son, the Rev. Adam Loftus, accompanied, as private chaplain, the viceroy Thomas, earl of Sussex, into Ireland, and was consecrated archbishop of Armagh, 20th of January, 1562-3. In August, 1567, his grace was translated to the see of Dublin, and in six years afterwards became lord keeper of the great seal. In 1578, he was constituted lord chancellor of Ireland, and he continued to hold the seals until his death. His grace having a principal share in the foundation of Trinity College, Dublin, was appointed by charter, its first provost, which office he resigned in 1594. He married Jane, eldest daughter of Adam Pusdon, esquire, of Surganrace, county of Louth, and by her had twenty children, of whom seven died young, the survivors were five sons and eight daughters; of the sons, two only left issue, namely, the eldest and the fourth. The latter, Sir Thomas Loftus, knight, was constable of the castle of Wicklow, and had the estates of Killyan and Clonard granted to him. He married Ellen, daughter of Robert Hartpole, esquire, of Shrule, in the Queens County, and was great-great-grandfather of the late General William Loftus, lieutenant of the Tower of London, and colonel of the second dragoon guards, who died in 1831. The archbishop died 5th of April, 1605, aged 72, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Dudley Loftus, of Rathfarnham, born in 1651, who married Anne, daughter of Sir Henry Bagenal, of Newry, and had, with other issue, a son, Adam, whose grandson, Adam Loftus, of Rathfarnham, was created, in 1685, baron of Rathfarnham and viscount Lisburne. His lordship married Lucia, daughter and coheir of George Brydges, sixth lord Chandos, by whom he had an only daughter, Lucia, who married Thomas, lord Wharton, and carried the estates into that family, which her son, Philip, duke of Wharton, sold to William Conolly, esquire, speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland, for sixty-two thousand pounds. The viscount commanded a regiment for king William at the siege at Limerick, and fell there, when his honours expired, which then came to Nicholas, of Tethard, of whose line we have now to

speaking. The second son of Sir Dudley Loftus, Nicholas Loftus, of Tethard, was born in 1592. He was joint clerk of the pells and of the treasury in Ireland, and died in 1666, when he was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Sir Nicholas Loftus, of Tethard, whose sons all dying issueless, the estates descended to his brother, Henry Loftus, esquire, of Loftus Hall, born in 1636, who married, and was succeeded, in 1716, by his elder son, Nicholas Loftus, esquire, M.P. for the county of Wexford, who was elevated to the peerage of Ireland as baron Loftus, of Loftus Hall, 5th of October, 1751. His lordship was sworn of the privy council, 1753, nominated governor of the county of Wexford, and advanced to a viscounty as viscount Loftus, of Ely, 19th of July, 1756. He married, first, Anne, second daughter of William Ponsonby, viscount Duncannon, by whom he had issue, Nicholas, his successor; Henry, who succeeded as fourth viscount Loftus, of Ely; and three daughters, Mary, Anne, and Elizabeth. The last was married to Sir John Tottenham, bart., and had issue, Charles Tottenham, of whom presently. His lordship married, secondly, Letitia, daughter of Sir John Rowley, by whom he had no issue; he died 31st December, 1763, and was succeeded by his elder son, Nicholas, second viscount, who was advanced to the dignity of earl of Ely, 23rd October, 1766. His lordship married Mary, eldest daughter and heir of Sir Gustavus Hume, bart., of the county of Fermanagh, and dying 31st of October, 1766, was succeeded by his only son, Nicholas, second earl, who died, unmarried, 12th of November, 1769, when the earldom expired, but the viscounty and barony reverted to his uncle, the Hon. Henry Loftus, as fourth viscount, advanced to an earldom, as earl of Ely, 5th of December, 1771, and installed as a knight of St. Patrick in 1783. His lordship had no issue, and at his demise, 8th of May, 1783, all the honours expired, while his estates devolved upon (the son of his sister, the Hon. Elizabeth Tottenham) his nephew, the Right Hon. Charles Tottenham, who then assumed the surname and arms of Loftus, and was created, in two years afterwards, 28th June, 1785, baron Loftus of Loftus Hall. On the 22nd of Dec., 1789, his lordship was advanced to a viscounty, as viscount Loftus, of Ely, on the 15th of February, 1794, he was created earl of Ely, and a peer of the United Kingdom, as baron Loftus of Long Loftus, in the county of York, 19th of January, 1801. His lordship married, 23rd of June, 1766, Jane, elder surviving daughter and co-heir of Robert Myhill, esquire, of Killarney, by whom he had two sons, John, present peer, and Robert Ponsonby, in holy orders, bishop of Clogher, who inheriting Tottenham

Green, in the county of Wexford, and the other property of the family of Tottenham, retains that surname. The marquis died 22nd of March, 1806. His lordship was a privy councillor, a knight of St. Patrick, joint post-master-general in Ireland, and governor of the county of Wexford. He married, 22nd of May, 1810, Anne Maria, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Watkin Dashwood, bart., by whom he has had issue, John Henry, viscount Loftus, born 19th of January, 1814, with four other sons and four daughters. His lordship is a privy councillor in Ireland, *custos rotularum* of the county of Wexford, and colonel of the Wexford Militia.

EFFECTS OF POISONS.

A long and painful inquiry into the conduct of a person, charged with the murder of his wife, has produced some evidence of a very remarkable character, as to the effects of various poisons, which will probably hereafter be often referred to, when other proceedings equally solemn with those just concluded, may be in progress. Even in the case of the same individual this may occur. Though acquitted, many doubts have been expressed, and continue to be so, and though he cannot be again tried for the murder of his wife, it is possible some further investigation of the causes of her mother's death will be thought necessary. Speaking on the subject of the late acquittal, that of Mr. Belaney, the correspondent of a morning paper, says:—

"By Mrs. Skelley's death, her property was to descend on her newly-married daughter, and therefore might be an object of cupidity. In a case so circumstanced, surely it is almost a duty to ascertain by exhumation, if possible, the real cause of Mrs. Skelley's death. That this may not even now be too late is proved by a case which occurred in Sussex a few months ago, where a body which had been buried for a much longer period was disinterred, and the stomach carried to the London Hospital for a joint examination by a surgeon at Petworth; after which a full inquiry before the coroner for West Sussex took place, the means of testing being even at that late period found sufficient to come to a conclusion as to the facts suggested."

Poisons have, at various periods, been employed to kill immediately or by slow degrees. The unhappy lady whose death was the cause of the late trial, perished by prussic acid. This is, we believe, of all poisons the most deadly. It is, however, stated by Dr. A. T. Thomson, "that if a person live twenty minutes after taking it, the probability would be in favour of recovery, if remedies were applied." Mr Curling stated, "that so long as the deceased

breathed he should not have despaired of recovering her." Dr. Letheby said, "I have since made experiments with the prussic acid I got from Mr. Donahoo (the druggist of whom Belany purchased the poison) upon animals, and restored them by the application of ammonia and the affusion of cold water. By these means I restored a cat in ten minutes. I had given that cat between ten and twenty drops. I also tried an experiment upon a horse, to which I administered prussic acid twelve times the strength of the two per cent. acid, and by the same means restored the horse, though it was lying upon the ground in convulsions, and in the incipient stage of death. I continued the remedies for about twenty minutes, and the horse was restored."

Dr. Letheby says further:—"I have made numerous experiments with prussic acid upon the lower animals. The first effect which the administration of prussic acid produces upon the lower animals is the appearance of a peculiar giddiness, of a disposition to run round, as if the head was affected; then the respiration becomes irregular; subsequently there is a scream. Perhaps before that scream is uttered the animal drops, at the same moment, after two or three violent respiratory efforts, which produce a cry, a shriek, or a scream; convulsions follow, with foaming at the mouth; and in a longer or shorter time, according to the quantity of the acid administered, death ensues. I have not had an opportunity of seeing its effects on the human subject. After the shriek, or scream, all sensibility and volition ceases. In my judgment, a person after giving that shriek would not be able to walk or converse."

Dr. Thompson was of the same opinion. He remarked:—"The effects of taking it are those which have been so clearly explained by the last witness—giddiness, faintness, convulsions, resembling those of tetanus or lock-jaw, and screaming. When the symptoms have advanced to a scream, the powers of volition are gone. After the scream it would be impossible for a party to talk, so as to describe what had happened."

This is not a place to criticise this verdict, but the facts thus brought out are sufficiently important to be placed on record. The probable exhumation of the remains of Mrs. Skelley may cause further important experiments to be made. A strong wish exists that such an inquiry may be instituted.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND JULIUS THE SECOND

Michael Angelo was too proud to be a good courtier, and did not scruple where

he was treated with contumely to mark his honest resentment. At one period of his life it is reported that the pope Julius II, repeatedly refused to grant him an audience. Michael, disdaining to conceal his indignation, returned home; and the expression which he used on taking his departure was: "If his holiness wants me from this time forward, he must seek me elsewhere." The pope, afterwards, sent five couriers, and one after another, ordering his immediate return. But before they overtook him, he was beyond the limits of the papal jurisdiction. Upon their delivering the pope's letter, which was couched in these terms: "Return immediately to Rome, upon pain of our displeasure," Michael Angelo wrote the following reply: "Having been expelled from your holiness's ante-chamber, and not being at all conscious that I in any way merited the disgrace, I adopted the only source which remained open to me, consistently with the preservation of that character which has heretofore rendered me worthy of your confidence. I cannot return, for if I was not deserving of your esteem yesterday, I cannot become so to-morrow, unless, indeed, through the caprice of fortune, which would be quite as undesirable to your holiness as to myself." They were afterwards reconciled at Bologna, upon the occasion of the pontiff subjecting that territory to his allegiance. At the interview which was then sought by Julius, and consented to by Michael Angelo, an honourable trait in the pope's character is recorded in Duppa's Life of Michael Angelo. When the painter entered the pontiff's chamber, the latter said, in a tone of displeasure: "Instead of coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should come to you." Michael Angelo replied, that his error arose from feeling too strongly a disgrace which he was not conscious of having discovered; but hoped that his holiness would overlook the past. One of the cardinals in attendance, undertook to excuse, what he designated a "lame apology" to the pope, on the ground that men like Michael Angelo were ignorant of everything but their art. The pope hastily replied, "Though hast vilified him, which I have not done. Thou art the ignorant fellow, and no man of genius: get out of my sight."

The Critic.

Modest Merit.—Speaking of the Rev. Robert Montgomery, *The Britannia* says—"It is to be regretted he does not leave other persons to puff up Mr. Montgomery's works and abilities. Paragraphs in 'an

evening paper' would be a more creditable mode of achieving his aim than such sentences as these thrust into a dissertation on the most solemn themes of the gospel:— 'Here we shall venture to quote from an essay little known, and which will not be reprinted, some remarks on the Scriptures as a rule of faith, and commend them to the candour of those who can think.' Then as a note to this passage we have:— 'From the Introductory Essay to Luther.— *A second edition and out of print!!!*' Reading this, placed where it is, those who can think will be apt to inquire, 'Who is the first object of Mr. Montgomery's worship.'"

Expedition.—Between one and two o'clock on Thursday, news was received in London of the death of the chamberlain, Sir William Heygate. By three o'clock Mr. Alderman Brown's placard as a candidate for the office, appeared on the walls of the city.

Old Residences.—Our ancient English places (palatia), *Hostels*, or *Inns* (for by such appellations the dwelling-houses of persons of consequence were formerly distinguished), had, indeed, much of the form, either accidentally or designedly, of the caravanseras of the East; a spacious quadrangle entered by a gateway, round the sides of the area of which the lodging-rooms and offices were arranged. One prominent feature of the cluster of edifices, was always the great or common hall. The quadrangle form had, however, in all probability, a reference to defensive arrangement, for a certain space was thus completely immured, and sometimes surrounded by a moat; to this space but one entrance was allowed,—namely, through the great gate. The parapets of the building were crenellated and embattled, with a view to defence, ornament, and state etiquette. To erect these domestic fortresses, it was necessary to have a license from the crown, a provision arising probably from the annoyance which the sovereigns had been liable to from their possessors in times of political discontent. An example of one of these licenses is found in that from Henry VI to his brother the Duke Humphrey, by which the latter is permitted to castellate his manor-house at Greenwich; called, from the amenity of its situation, the palace of *Placentia*, otherwise *Plaisance*:—"Rex concedit quod Humfridus dux Gloucestrie et Eleanor oxur ejus, possent karnellare (crenellare) manerium suum de East Greenwich, et imparcare 200 acras terre infra manerium suum predictum."

On the sale of the Speaker's House in the Smoking Room of the House of Commons.

It might provoke a cynic's smile.

To note this dwelling's wayward doom,

Saved from the Houses' burning pile,

But knocked down in the smoking-room.

Serious Origin of a Comic Opera.—Beniowski, or the Exiles of Kamstchatka, an opera produced by M. Duval in Paris, rather more than twenty years ago, was written under circumstances not a little singular. During the reign of terror, about the end of 1792, Talma lived in the Rue Chantierine (in a house afterwards inhabited by Bonaparte), and collected round him every evening a crowd of celebrated men. This meeting became suspected. The infamous Marat had the insolence to intrude himself, to address the most injurious speeches to all persons of any consideration. They mocked the wretch, pushed him from side to side, and at length, to get rid of him sooner, one of the guests followed him from chamber to chamber with a lighted pan on which perfumes were burning. The rage of the monster may be easily imagined. The next day his fearful journal denounced Talma to all France, and from that moment the tragedian was in danger of his life; for then, as in the time of the Venetian oligarchy, there was too much foundation for saying, "Executioners were ready when suspicion began." One evening, after having acted in tragedy, Talma was more depressed than usual (his name had just been inscribed on one of the fatal lists). M. Alexander Duval, to dissipate his fears, or at least to share his danger, came home with him to sup and sleep. It was in the middle of a long and gloomy night: anxious for the fate of his friend, anxious also for his own, unable to sleep, M. Duval went into the library, and took up by chance the *Memoirs of Beniowski*; these immediately gave him the idea of a piece for the stage. "In spite of my alarm, I found my head (says he) clear to sketch the plot of an opera, which the public has received favourably, though without knowing that this offspring of my imagination was born amid fear and danger."

London and Blackwall Railway.—The total number of passengers in 1843, was 999,683; in the present year, 1,478,237. This great increase is partly accounted for—from the Gravesend visitors finding it so much more safe, pleasant, and expeditious, to avoid the Pool at the commencement of their journey.

Mechanism of the Spine.—The cervical vertebrae in birds are not only numerous, but that they vary in number from nine to twenty-four; whereas, in the class *mammalia*, their number, with one exception (the three-toed sloth), is constantly seven. The mole, whose head appears buried between the shoulders, has precisely the same number as the horse, and as the preposterously long-necked giraffe.

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